H. Brubaker

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POETRY.

Mine Own.

I need not token flowers to tell
How deeply clear thou art,
Still on mine ear thy accents dwell,
Thy virtues in my heart;
Thy beauty floats before mine eyes
In soft, celestial light,
Alike at orient day's uprise,
And pensive shut of night.

Although afar—although afar—
Yet art thou with me still,
When evening's star, and morning's star,
Gleam o'er the twilight hill;
Thy beauty streams thro' all my dreams,
The lone night watches through;
And cloudless skies recall thine eyes,
The archangel's tearless blue.

The sinking and the swelling heart
Of fond yet fearful love,
The bliss to meet, the pain to part,
It hath been ours to prove;
The wild embrace of Blessedness,
By absence made more blest,
The separation's pang, which press
Its life-blood from the breast.

But think not months, however long
(For all long months must be,
Theme of my blessings and my song!
Which sever me from thee)
Shall e'er undo the tender tie
Affection's finger wove,
Shall make lees deep one daily sigh
Which absence owes to love:

Farewell! thou shalt not be forgot,
My beautiful, *mine own!*
Oh may the sorrows of my lot
Bow down my head alone,
And these dried flowers, which, given to me,
Were moist with morning rain,
Shall bloom of thee, and breath of thee,
Until we meet again.

FROM THE N. Y. STAR.

The dead Hussar.

Written after reading the beautiful sketches so entitled, which appeared in the Star of the 18th of July:

This is not death! There is no terror here—
No outward seeming that the tyrant king
Hath made a victim of the manly form
Which, stretch'd and motionless upon yon bier,
Lies calm and tranquil as an infant
Lull'd by his mother's song, to gentle sleep.
True, there's no rosy hue upon the cheek;
But there's a smile yet ling'ring' round the lips,
From which the coral redness hath not fled;
And the clos'd lids that hide the orbs of sight,
Veil them as though sweet slumber rested there.
Yet death *is* there! And o'er a form like that,
Fashion'd, by God, in nature's fairest mould,
'Twere manliness to weep! No fell disease
Insidiously nipp'd life's early bud:
Nor did he fall in the hot battle's strife—
For there, when war's shrill trump had call'd him forth,
Confronting danger, he was ever found.
For him no longer had the soldiers life
The charms of early days—no longer did
The spirit-stirring drum waken proud feelings
In the warior's breast: the hopes of early youth,
The laurel-wreath, ambition, glory, fame—
All that the young, aspiring soul had sought,
Droop'd, wither'd, died, beneath the blighting chill
Of disappointment, and affection scorn'd.
He lov'd with that intensity of soul,
Which defies the object unto whom
Man yields his heart, and owns himself a slave:
He lov'd, to be rejected and despis'd,
Even by her compar'd to whose affection
Fame, glory, life—all that man most prizes—
Were nought to him whose love was not a plant
Of sudden growth, but which in early life
Had sprung within his breast, which ardent hope,
Like sunshine beaming on the flow'rs of earth,
Had warm'd into existence and to bloom.
The blight fell on the flower, and it died:
Life lost its charms! The soldier was alone,
At night's still hour, and memory recall'd
All the the sweet visions of his boyhood—
Those bright imagining—pictures that youth
With ardent fancy, draws in very air,
And gilds with sunbeams!
Alone and wretched!
Earth all around him in her loveliness!
Heaven above him, with her countless stars,
The shining witnesses of his despair!
A thought of death came o'er his sadden'd soul!
And sudden as the thought was his resolve.
He knelt, and, blessing her his soul ador'd,
Drew forth his sword with firm and steady hand,
And, Roman-like, fell on its glitt'ring point,
To rise no more!

ROLAND.

The Village Painter.

The pillar'd arches were over his head,
And beneath his feet were the bones of the dead.

Scott.

In the romantic village of M——, there lived, at the close of the last century, a painter, or rather artist, since to the humble practice of domestic decorator he added the more ambitious calling of sign board and epitaph painter in ordinary to the parish.

The village church, a plain and antiquated structure, betraying in its massive shafts and circular arches the simple taste of our Saxon progenitors, contained within its vaults the burial place of a once noble and powerful family. This "ancient receptacle" had been decorated and disfigured by the martial ardor and monkish superstition of its various possessors with effigies of numerous gallant knights, as well as with certain quaint devices and intricate inscriptions, conveying sage axioms upon the vanity of worldly pursuits, and the instability of sublunary things in general. Such, at least, was the prevailing interpretation of the initiated in such matters; since, whether from the ravages of time and damp upon the characters, or the uncouth nature of the symbols under which so much was supposed to lurk, their precise meaning had never been satisfactorily ascertained; and it must be confessed that these "learned Thebans," with their wonted ingenuity, had broached interpretations to the full as incongruous and monstrous as any of the objects of their speculation. This tomb, at all times the resort of antiquarian curiosity, was visited at the happening of the incident we are about to relate by a celebrated topographical illustrator, who, in furtherance of a design of commemorating so unique a relic of the olden time, employed our painter to furnish a fac-simile of the disputed characters and symbols. Happy in the opportunity of disseminating the fame of his native village, and at the same time adding his humble tribute of light to the galaxy of antiquarian lore about to be shed upon the world, he repaired to the church, bearing, in addition to the materials necessary to the prosecution of his task, a basket containing his dinner and two candles, with a determination to finish his job before the setting of the sun.

It was the first day of the Saturnalia immediately succeeding the gloomy and self-denying festivities of the church were celebrated with an ardor and enthusiasm proportioned to the fervor and sincerity with which her austere duties were wont to be observed. It was the Easter of our forefathers, ere "the goodly usage of those ancient times" had given way to a spirit of refinement, which has already curtailed the enjoyments of the lower orders, and almost effaced the badge of honest simplicity from the character of our peasantry. The whole district of M—— was alive; and the venerable sexton, warming at the sight of the general hilarity, had relaxed from half a century's toil in the watchful discharge of his ministerial functions, in favor a "trusty frere," with whom he was to pass the holiday week. To our painter, therefore, as to a discreet and pious son of the church, he intrusted the keys of the sacred edifice, intimating his intention of demanding them again the following Sabbath should recall him to his duties. The painter, chuckling inwardly at so thrifty an employment of a holiday, carefully secured the church door, deposited his provisions in a convenient spot, lighted one of his candles, and popping up the narrow door that led to the vaults, at the extremity of which stood the mausoleum, he descended to his task.—Scarcely, however, had he reached his destination, when the door fell with a clap that reverberated in thunder through the vaults, and startled the painter to such a degree that the candle fell from his hand, and was extinguished amid the dust of the charnel house. There is something of seriousness and even awe in solitary darkness for which it were difficult to account—a sort of vague idea of danger—a fleeting sensation of helplessness, that pervades, more or less, every person and every age. On infancy its effects are indisputable; it generates the first misery of existence; and it clings around the daring, philosophy, ay, even religion of maturer years. No wonder, then, that the painter should have been considerably embarrassed at the event: he stood in mute bewilderment, while his "seated heart beat at his ribs" with convulsive throbs. Shaking off, after a brief space, a portion of this enervating weakness, and recovering with some difficulty the lost candle, he proceeded to grope his way to the door, which, after numerous falls and bruises, he succeeded in reaching. But vain were all his efforts at removal; the bolt had shot forward, and inclosed him in a living tomb! The ponderous lid, the iron bound desier of centuries, stirred not at his puny struggles: he toiled until exhausted nature refused to answer the calls of desperation—his strength failed, and he sank fainting to the earth, while chilling streams of perspiration trickled down his limbs. The horror of his situation, confounded all his faculties, and struck down the manhood within him; one withering thought filled his whole soul—that thought was starvation! The church would not be visited until the following Sunday—six mortal days! For him that Sunday would never dawn! the noisome vapour of the vault, and torturing famine, would ere then have destroyed him! Oh fame, with nought but a single plank between him and salvation. Ah! no—"Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind;"—the candle! the candle! he may still be saved! the spark of life may still be kept in! years of happiness still awaited him—oh! no, he could not die! Meanwhile the minutes passed away; but in darkness and solitude, and silence insupportable, he recked not how they flew: now he measured them by the wild throbbings of his own tumultuous pulse, and they seemed to fly as if winging their way from happiness; now, he thought of the thousands that must elapse before he could be rescued, and they appeared to creep as they are wont to creep; when, as if enamoured of distress, they drag their wheels for the wretched. At length, the cravings of thirst and hunger becoming intolerable, he ate a morsel;—but what is so bitter as death! in loathing and disgust, he continued at intervals, as exhaustion gnawed his vitals, to swallow small pieces of the nauseous food, until, although hoarded with all a miser's tenacity, it failed him, with he knew not what part of his imprisonment yet unexpired, to famine and death. Then ensued a fearful re-action; the thread by which he clung to life snapped in his grasp, and he sank back into the wa[illegible] of despondency! The sickening pang of hope deferred fell like an ice bolt upon his heart, freezing up the springs of existence, and scaring reason from her seat. Memory conjured up the dark records of the noble house about to prove so fatal to himself: imagination summoned the grim warriors from their shroud, and arrayed in fearful reality before him. "Dabbled in blood" they wandered by, and "shook their grey locks" in his face! He yelled for very agony, and rushing wildly through the vaults, raised his impious hands to Heaven, and called aloud for annihilation! But those paroxysms could not last; he again sank down, and as his bodily strength ebbed, his mind began to throw off the withering teror, which had overwhelmed it, and to resume its accustomed steadiness. He bethought himself of his former life, with its errors and transgressions—of his future existence, with its happiness or misery—and he poured forth his soul in prayer and besought the searcher of hearts—Him in whose hands was his fate—for grace to "die as erring man should," in humbleness and diffidence, "nor desperate of all hope on high."

Comforted, doubtless, yet still racked by his ignorance of the lapse of time, he tried to sleep but his eyelids closed in vain: he was wretched, and the balmy breathings of repose fanned not his cheek! or if perchance oblivion for a few moments "steeped his senses in forgetfulness," the most harrowing visions haunted his fitful slumbers. He beheld the home of his childhood ransacked by stranger hands; the gentle partner of his bosom stretched, in poverty and suffering, upon the bed of sickness; his little ones, "all at one fell swoop," driven houseless outcasts upon the world, and in bitterness of heart invoking curses on the author of their being! Then would he start and wake; and anon slumber again, to dream and wake again to tenfold agony! At last his mind collapsed, the boundaries of fancy and reality became indistinguishable, and borne down by the maddening alterations of hope and despair, he swooned.

How long insensibility lasted is uncertain: for aught he knew, it might have been hours or days or weeks! but from it he was roused by the sound of approaching footsteps. He started to his feet; a torch flashed through the gloom; he staggered forward with a hysteric cry of joy, and fell into the arms of his wife! Alarmed at his absence from the evening meal of the family, she had with the assistance of her neighbours forced the church doors, and rescued the painter from "the tomb of all the Capulets." He had been incarcerated just SEVEN HOURS!

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

A Gallant Naval Action.

Sam L—— was a lad of a temper as joyous and as kind as ever was wedded to a darning spirit. He was not of that class called nobly born; his name had shed no lustre on his dawning fortunes; so, if recorded, it could add no interest to his story. His honest ambition was "to build, not boast," the credit of a name which he derived from an humble house; and, poor lad! he died too young to reap the glories to which his warm heart aspired. It is inscribed only on a small stone, raised in a foreign land, by the affections and esteem of his messmates, who,

"Still, through the wild waves as they sweep,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
Their steady course of honor keep,"

and they loved him well, because they had known him nearly. At nineteen, he had passed for a lieutenancy; and by that fortune which sometimes forms a young seaman's early fame, he was placed in command of a clipping privateer schooner, made prize of by the frigate on board of which he served. She had been captured on an enemy's coast, and his orders were to join in her the admiral's flag, which was flying some fifty or sixty leagues off on the station; and few, who have not felt it, can know the joy of a stripling's heart who finds himself sole master of a separate command, and knows that he has skill and resources for it. For two days nothing happened to vary the ordinary log of a beating passage in light winds. The third day was a thick fog; and, as it cleared up towards evening, with a rising breeze, a stranger was seen to windward, under three topsails: and what could he do but trim sails to reconnoitre? 'Tis true, he had no orders but to proceed with due diligence to his station; but to go about, and stand on for an hour on the other tack, and so edge a little nearer the stranger, would by no means take him out of his course; and who is there but knows that one of a seaman's first duties in war time is, when not under orders positively to the contrary, to gain all intelligence of a suspicious-looking sail.

He had not gone upon the starboard tack above half-an-hour before he saw another large sail, hull down, on his lee bow; and the last sunbeam was now red in the west. It was plain that he could not hope to bring either of the ships within distance before dark to show colors; but they made more sail, and the headmost bore up a little, as to near him. He now tacked again, and, feeling that he had no right to run into strange company at night, he kept a point or two free, under easy sail, in a parallel to the course she was steering, trusting to a good sailing craft, and a commanding breeze and a good loook-out withal. As it became dark, he tried his night signals. For awhile there was no reply; and then the headmost ship showed lights, but her answer was unintelligible to him. The code of night signals in the British navy was, at that time, imperfect and subject to many mistakes. At daybreak they were both on his weather quarter, the nearest about three miles off; but two more large ships showed their lofty sails on the horizon. It was a clear morning; and the leading frigate—for frigates the two first were—now signalized him; but her flags spoke a language as foreign to him as that of her lights had been the night before. Both had the ensign of England streaming from the peak; but it was most improbable that an English squadron should be cruising on that part of the coast; and now his private code was tried in vain; and something there was in the cut of the sails, but more in the way of handling them, which almost convinced him that they were foreigners. The moment was an anxious one; but it was to Sam one more of mortification than anxiety for the fate of the charge entrusted to him. He had a good clean craft beneath his foot, and, let the weather but keep moderate, and not too much sea, come what would, he had reason to believe that, holding a steady luff, the schooner might yet weather upon their square sails, so as to get to windward of them without passing within gunshot; but he knew that his duty was not to risk his prize when nothing was to be gained; and little to be sure was to be gained by working up to overhaul two strange frigates, and two other ships of war, proud though he was of his command, in a schooner mounting eight twelve-pounder carronades, and a long traversing gun amidships. So now, shaking out the last reef from his foresail, he prepared to carry on, and a regular and eager chase began. For a time, he believed he was increasing his distance from the leading ship.

At all events, he stood nearer the wind, and she was not perceptibly fore-reaching on him; and her consort was evidently dropping fast astern. But alas! the clouds rose black as thunder on the horizon, the white horses came speeding along with them in the distances, it had already begun to blow strong, and the wind was gradually drawing more aft and bringing the purser nearly on his beam. The little vessel groaned and staggered under the pressure of sail; the sea curled high over her lee, and sheets of spray at every pitch came flying over all. Suddenly the headmost frigate, which was now gaining rapidly on him to within long gunshot range, hauled down the colors she had worn, and hoisted a different ensign at her peak. It was the one which, at that moment, Sam could least have wished to see: it was that of a gallant nation, between which, and England long may it be before again a cannon shall speak in anger. A gush of white smoke issued from her bow; and, before the sound of the threatening message could be heard, a shot came skimming over the tops of the waves right a-head of the schooner. Presently another, which passed over her, between her masts, but struck nothing. "Now point the long traversing gun, and cast loose the weather carronades, against closer work; for here's what tells us she's within distance already of our mid ship challenger." Something might be brought down by it, which might slacken the frigate's pace, and save the little vessel yet: so up went the union; and, as the schooner lurched, Sam himself, with a ready hand to the lock lanyard, quick answering to a ready eye, fired the first shot in reply, and, jumping up on the slide, saw it strike right under the frigate's cutwater. "Give it her again, my hearties!" The second shot parted. 'Well done long Bess!' bellowed the mate, the glass to his eye; 'splinters near the forecastle!'—Again!—when an eighteen pound ball came in from one of the enemy's bow chasers, struck a timber head, and two men lay in blood upon the deck: the one a mangled corpse, the other with a leg knocked sheer from under him.—'Luff her up a bit!' cried Sam, still looking firmly at the advancing ship, whose bow towered high above the water, 'Star-board the helm! Now, watch your time men: stand by for a broadside!'

Six of the schooner's eight carronades had been run out to windward; and, as she luffed up to bring them to bear upon her adversary, the fire of her whole weather side was given at once. Her slight frame reeled from the explosion of her own guns, and she quivered from the centre to the mast-head: and, hurrah! down came the frigate's driver; but, in an instant after, as her helm went down, and her head sails shook in the wind, the red muzzles of the whole tier, to her quarter guns, appeared, and a tremendous broadside from her main deckers followed, as she luffed and came up to deliver it. The schooners counter was torn up to the very bulwarks: three men were, as it were, blown away before the blast of the artillery, and a splinter striking the young commander near the chest, broke his left shoulder, and dashed him down against the [illegible]. His arm hung mangled, and the blood gushing from his mouth showed what had been the violence of the blow; but his courageous eye unclouded yet by pain, lit up with matchless energy. "Stand to it, my hearts, my darlings!" he shouted; but the whole mischief now appeared. As the wounded boy staggered once more to the weather bulwark, to hold on, he looked up. The crippled mainmast reeled. "Lower away! lower away! ease off the fore sheet and put her right before it!" For a few minents the fight was silenced. All hands were busy aft in getting up a preventer shroud nd fishing the mainmast; and, as she was faing off, another broadside came from the frigate's quarter deck. The havoc was not so great as before; but an unlucky shot, ranging forwards under the bows, severed the bobstay. The powerless bowsprit could no longer stay the foremast, as it swayed forward and aft with the send of the sea. "Get out a tackle forward!—up with the helm!—Hard!" But it was too late! The weakened mainmast, now deprived of all support, broke short off where the shot had entered. It fell with a tremendous crash: the deck, forward and to leeward, was overwhelmed with a mass of confused ruin; and the vessel was left rolling on the swell, a defenceless wreck. "Will you strike, sir?" whispered the mate; "see your men lying about; and—— "Never!" exclaimed Sam, in the last excitement of a dauntless heart; "not I! Haul in the ensign that's towing there alongside, and send a hand," pointing upwards, "to stop it to that stump there." "I suppose," continued he, in a lower tone; "I suppose they'll have it down without us soon. I see she's lowering a quarter boat. We have but to wait for them now!"

He sat down on a carronade slide. His face was deadly pale. Suddenly rising, he drew his hanger from its sheath, and, with a strong blow, broke it in two, across the carronade.—His father had given it to him on parting. On its blade was engraved a powerful talisman,—"England expects every man to do his duty!" As the first boat (for two were lowered and manned) pulled up under the stern, he flung the pieces into the deep, and again sunk upon the deck, his face resting downwards on his right arm as he lay. "Mr. L——, sir," said the mate, "they're alongside, Look up, sir.—Come, sir, don't be ashamed; you've fought her well, and they won't make much of the prize, at any rate. Oh, Mr. L—— I hope you're not much hurt, sir. All's over now!" He raised his brave young officer in his arms. Yes, all was over indeed! He never spoke again, nor did his eyes ever more unclose, to see his darling first command in the hands of another! But a gallant enemy did honor to his memory and to his remains.—*Ionian Antologia.*

EULOGIUM

ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF LAFAYETTE,
DELIVERED BY

Geo. washington Barton, Esq.

(At the request of the Mayor and Select and Common Councils of the City of Lancaster) in the Lutheran Church, July 1st, 1834.

It has been said, emphatically, but with more of poetry than truth, that "Death loves a shining mark." The arrows of the grim tyrant are ever directed with impartial aim.—They pierce alike, the weak and the strong—the mighty and the humble. With equal velocity, they reach the proudest eminence, or divide the clouds of the darkest obscurity. No height is above, no depth below, their dead certainty. It is only as the 'mark' is more 'shining,' that the arrow's flight is more observed. The memory of him whose life had been unadorned by aught of brilliant exploit, uncharacterized by chequered event, or unmarked by exemplary excellence, may soon fade away from the minds of men, save where it is cherished, deeply and devotedly, but unobtrusively, in the hearts of the bereaved family circle, and embalmed by the tears of the few fond friends. But the world knows nothing of the loss which has been sustained, and sheds no sympathizing tear with the mourners that are left behind. A few hours, perhaps—a few days, at the most—glide by, and the grass grows above the remains of the deceased; and no one pauses to inquire who moulders beneath;—the wild brier may cluster, in tangled luxuriance, around the marble destined to perpetuate his name and fame; the damp moss may hide the chiselled story; and the incurious eye coldly glances on the spot, while not a hand is stretched forth to avert the ravages of time, or rescue from oblivion the memory of its unconscious victim.

Such has been the fate of the great mass of mankind, from the creation of the world unto the present day; and such will it continue to be, through all ages to come. To this general and sweeping destiny there have been numerous exceptions—many for good, many more for evil. Fame is not always honorable, and oblivion would be sometimes a blessing, which the world denies. The page which tells of the excellence of an Adrian, proclaims, too, the vices of a Nero; the trumpet that sounds the goodness of an Alfred, rings the infamy of a Richard. When the snow-topped mountains of Switzerland resound with the virtues of a Tell, the echo of the avalanches returns the tyrannies of a Gessler; and the spirit-stirring story which depicts, in colors of living light, the patriotism of a Washington, reveals, in darkening shades, the treachery of an Arnold.

It is well that it should be so. It is thus that before us are held, that we may mark and mistake not, guiding stars to lead us to good, and beacon lights to warn us from evil. Forcible and direct appeals are thus made, not merely to the selfish interests and prejudices, but to the purer and holier feelings of men. We may not all attain the greatness, but we may emulate the goodness, which we admire; and we may certainly avoid the ill which we deprecate and abhor.

Every age of mankind, as far as can be distinctly traced, has afforded some being, towering in the majestic might of mind or virtue, above his fellows, whose departure has been mourned as a calamity, not merely by the nation of his birth, but, oftentimes, as a bereavement to be deplored by the whole world. The poet, indulging in the admitted license of his art, may [illegible] the language of even more than enthusiasm, when he exclaimed, upon the fall of the Polish hero, that

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked—

but his couplet is strikingly and beautifully illustrative of the reverent admiration, of the deep sense of dependence, with which the mass of mankind is accustomed to look up to superior excellence, and the intense grief, bordering on despair, with which it sometimes regards departed worth. But grief, however justly awakened, however violent its exhibition, is not unfrequently mingled with rich and diversified topics of consolation. A nation may mourn the loss of the warrior chief whose

light has been suddenly quenched in blood; of the statesman, cut off in the very prime of usefulness, whose last throb was for his country's good; but it is not always that the sun is darkened in his meridian height, and when he sinks peacefully to rest, after having run his appointed course, the shadows of evening bring with them nothing to turn from or to dread.

It has been thus with the departure of him to whose memory we have here assembled to pay an humble tribute of respect; whose benefactions gratefully to acknowledge; whose achievements profoundly to admire, and whose virtues deeply to revere. One by one, the patriots of the stormy period of our nation's infancy have been gathered into their kindred sheaf, leaving, here and there, but a lingering remnant to mark the field where the ploughshare of the destroyer has driven its furrows. The links which connect the days of Seventy-Six with the present, are severing fast. Old generations are passing away, and new are rapidly succeeding. And now, we meet to mingle our tears at the grave of the last departed; second in our affections to but one—holding in them a place next only to him who was "first in War, first in Peace, and first in the Hearts of his Countrymen." LAFAYETTE, the last Major General of the Revolutionary Army, is no more. The chivalrous son of France, who, in the darkest hour of our country's history, forsook the tender endearments of the domestic fireside, to offer up his treasures and his valor—it might be, his heart's blood—upon the altar of freedom; who encountered the ocean tempest and the battle storm in the cause of strangers; endeared to him only by oppression—having no claim upon his friendship or generosity, other than that of being engaged in a virtuous and unequal struggle for liberty—Lafayette, the early, the long tried, the never failing friend of America, has surrendered his spirit to

The bosom of his Father and his God!

He has descended to the grave full of years, and with honors clustering upon his head such as few before him have worn, and such as could never have been won but by patriotism the purest, moral courage the most undaunted!—selfdenial the most astonishing and admirable—amid fascinations of brilliant allurement, and surrounded by temptations, in which, not to err, was almost to present a claim to something more than the common frailty of humanity.

It is the language of inspiration, that "man is prone to evil;" and the experience of each succeeding day serves mournfully to illustrate its truth. But virtuous inclination is not wholly excluded from the avenues of the human heart. Ever and anon, amid the rubbish of evil passions, there glistens some gem of good; nor is the hot bed of rank weeds altogether without a flower, whose fragrance is faintly emitted from the luxuriance of surrounding ill. Else, why does the pulse beat and the cheek glow with generous enthusiasm, when the story of some noble deed strikes upon the ear? Why yearns the soul with love and admiration to those who have proven themselves the benefactors of the human race? When the tale is told of the patriot, whose soul has winged its flight to heaven from the battle field, where his arm struck the last blow in defence of his country's liberties or to avenge his country's wrongs, does not the blood gush with an accelerated impulse through each vein, and tells not its quickening current that virtue thus asserts its dominion, and that the love of good is made to predominate over the love of evil?—Delineate the martyr perishing at the stake for his opinions—opinions which may be right or wrong, but which he clasps to his heart in the fervor of his conviction of their truth, "suffering chains and courting death" rather than forsake the tenets of his fathers—and the warm tear trickles down the cheek, and the heart pays the involuntary homage of sympathy. It is thus that an unerring test is presented to shew that corruption reigns not in human nature with undivided dominion.

The annals of mankind are adorned but by few such combinations of all the elements of goodness and greatness as served to make up him whose departure we now mourn. His life was a spotless mirror of consistency, a mirror without a single flaw. It was a pure and limpid stream, that, from its source, pursued its way into the ocean of eternity, ruffled, at times, by the tempest, but never mingling with aught that was not unsullied as itself; dashing, ever and anon, over the rocks that would have impeded its course, but broke, merely for a moment, the current, which again flowed on in tranquil majesty. Like the stream, too, which diffuses fertility wherever it wends; which graces the garden or gladdens the desert—the current of this good man's life has assisted in transforming the wilderness into a blooming parterre, rich with the fairest flowers and fruit that can ever spring from freedom's holy soil.

It is difficult to realize that he is no more. It would seem as if the tidings of his death had broken upon us in a vision or dream, from which we are struggling to awake, that we may dispel the illusion. But yesterday, as it were, and his foot pressed these shores; and the air rung with the grateful plaudits of millions of glad voices; and the eyes of a whole people were turned upon their benefactor; and tens and hundreds of thousands pressed forward, eager to grasp the patriot hand which had wielded the battle blade in the fight for a nation's freedom. But yesterday, and the triumphal arch uprose; and flowers were strewn by the hands of beauty in his path; and little children, whose hearts had warmed to learn from the lips of their sires and their grandsires the thrilling story of his generous valor, were pressed by the vetran to his bosom, and his benedictions, broken but by the tears and sobs of joy, springing from the very excess of delighted affection, were heaped upon their heads.—But yesterday, and the sages of the nation greeted his entrance into their council halls, and turned from the thoughts and cares of state, to give glad welcome to him who had toiled that free states might arise, and free government be administered. Those halls, then hung with the gay festoon, and adorned with the chaplet and garland, are now wreathed in mournful sable. A sorrow [illegible] deep pervades the land. It has found its way to every heart.

Now is not the time, and if it were, it is not for your humble speaker to attempt, to detail the stirring events which marked the life of Lafayette. Brief and imperfect leisure admits of but a hurried reference to those more prominent points which stand out as the landmarks of his history, and, at a time like the present, particularly force themselves on our recollections. It was in the darkest hour of our revolutionary history, that the heart of Lafayette first resolved to hasten to the relief of America. And what were the temptations which we offered; and what were the allurements upon which he turned his back, and abandoned! Did he come, a nameless adventurer, to cast the hazard for a fortune or a grave! Did he emerge from the darkness of obscurity, ambitious of the distinction which blood might purchase—which valor might win? Did he come, a weary and heart-seared man, sick of life, and seeking but a sword's point upon which to throw an aching breast? No! his place had been in the front rank among courtiers and princes—among the highest and proudest whose names resounded through the vine clad hills of France. Enjoying the fascinations of the gayest court of Europe, he was descended from a long line of wealthy and powerful nobles, and was himself in the possession of a proud title and a splendid fortune. Yet he forsook all this—turned from the luxuries of the court and the endearments of home—abandoned his young bride, and at the early age of nineteen, hastened to America.

The struggle with Britain was then waging fiercely, and the sky was lowering with heavy clouds. Hope, indeed, shed faintly a beam of light from the distant horizon; but all above was darkness, though never despair. So impoverished were then the nation's coffers, that when Lafayette tendered his services to the American Commissioners resident in France, they hesitated to accept them, because they had it not in their power to furnish him with suitable means of conveyance. He wrung from them the reasons of their hesitation, and immediately determined upon the purchase of a vessel at his own expense.

The sensation which the announcement of his enterprize produced in the French capital, was vast; and if it did not carry consternation to the English court, it caused at least no little alarm; for it served to show, that the American struggle was regarded even in Europe with the eye of kindness and sympathy. Through the remonstrances of the English Ambassador, an order for his arrest was issued by the French Ministry; but he escaped all pursuit, and reached these shores in safety.

It is now difficult to realize the sensation which his arrival must have produced in the hearts of the American people. It was like the manna's fall to the Sons of Israel in the desert—like the free fountain which gushed from the rock, at the stroke of the prophet's rod, to refresh their parched and burning lips. It infused fresh hope—it awakened new energies. It quickened every manly impulse—it enforced each wavering resolve. It inspirited the weak; and to the strong it lent additional strength. Nor let it be thought that the cause was disproportioned to the effect. It is true, that he came not at the head of an armament, whose superior force would awe the foe from their purposes of aggression, and coerce them into an acknowledgment of our rights. But he who knows but little of the human heart who doubts or denies that moral are often as effectual as physical causes; and that there are springs and chords in the soul of man, which, when touched, however delicately, vibrate with irresistible force. It was not, then, the mere accession of physical strength, gained by the arrival of Lafayette, that produced the mighty consequences of which I have spoken. That was something; but there was much more. It was not even the weight of his name and influence that thus inspirited the desponding, and buoyed up still more lightly the sanguine. That was not yet all. It was the glorious conviction which it thrilled to every bosom—which it winged as an arrows flight to the remotest home—which it shot to the heart of the soldier in his tent, and shouted in the ear of the ploughman in his field—it was the glorious conviction that there were hearts beyond the billows of the Atlantic that beat high with hope for our success; that there were eyes which sped their glances with deep earnestness across the waste of waters; that there were lips from which ascended the fervent prayer for our freedom to the throne of Almighty God. Let it not, then, be wondered at, that it marked, as it were, an era in the War of the Revolution.

His services were gladly and gratefully accepted by Congress; and a command in the continental army was tendered to him, which he modestly declined, equipping a body of men at his own expense, and then entering into the service as a volunteer, without pay or emolument. It was not until the month of July succeeding his arrival, that he consented to accept the appointment of Major General, which was conferred upon him by the formal vote of Congress.

It was no inconsiderable proof of the deep forsight and sagacity of Washington, that he gave to Lafayette, at so early a period, his warmest friendship and most unreserved confidence. Washington, by nature and by habit, thoughtful, tranquil, cautious, it might have been imagined would be at first distrustful, not of the sincerity of Lafayette's friendship for America—of that he could not for a moment doubt—not of the fervor of his affection—of that he had given abundant evidence; but of the firmness and settled determination of purpose which would not merely enthusiastically encounter at the onset, but unshrinkingly endure, throughout the trial of protracted warfare and varied fortune, the long doubtful struggle, which terminated, at length, so gloriously and triumphantly. He might have been pardoned if, for a moment, he had entertained the tho't that boyish enthusiasm had not coldly calculated the perils to be dared and the privations to be endured: that a princely youth, nurtured in more than tenderness, in luxury, however boldly he might "smile on the drawn dagger, and defy its point,"—however daring might be his valor—however high might beat the pulses of his courage, would shrink, not from danger, but from cruel hardships and painfully protracted sufferings, braved in the cause of those to whom he owed no tie of country, connexion, or of blood.—Not for one moment did the idea ever enter his bosom. From the hour that he received the gallant Frenchman as the inmate of his family, he saw, as with a prophetic eye, the materials of which his enthusiasm was composed. And well and amply did Lafayette fulfil the hopes which were formed—the predictions which were uttered.

[illegible] speaker to attempt a [illegible] of the intention of your humble [illegible] the events of the revolutionary struggle.—The day is at hand—the anniversary of our country's freedom—when every proud recollection will be awakened, and each association will spring from its recess in the heart into new life.

Within a brief period after his appointment as Major General, Lafayette distinguished himself by his heroic intrepidity at the Battle of Brandywine; a battle in which the American ranks were graced by the presence of more than one gallant foreigner—in which the brave Pulaski fought, as the Baron St. Ovary, a French officer of tried valor and high distinction, was taken prisoner by the foe. Not content with aiding the American people with his services here in person, Lafayette returned to France in the early part of 1779,—after having further signalized himself—with the intention of exerting his influence with the French government in our behalf. He was received with coldness; forbidden the presence of the king; and all intercourse with society, save with his relatives, was rigidly prohibited. But, nothing daunted, his exertions were untiring; and they were so far crowned with success, that he was mainly instrumental in making the treaty, then in progress between America and France, decidedly favorable to the former.

Having thus succeeded, he again bade adieu to his native land, and re-embarked for these persecuted shores. He had been absent altogether but five months; and when he returned, he confidently communicated to Washington the gratifying intelligence, that a French fleet would speedily sail to our assistance, bringing with it stores of arms, and a reinforcement of men. He re-entered the service with the same ardor which he had before displayed, and gave additional proofs of the same cool sagacity and undaunted valor, far beyond his years, which he had formerly exhibited. When the wants of government were most pressing, and its credit was at the lowest ebb, he generously raised, on his own personal responsibility, the sum of two thousand guineas, with which he supplied the wants of his troops—and this, after he had assisted to clothe and equip the body of men of which he had the command, amounting to about two thousand men. The evidences of military talent which he so strikingly displayed in his forced march to Virginia; in the rescue of Richmond, which, but for him, would have fallen into the enemy's hands, and in the siege of Yorktown, are familiar to all.

But it seemed as though he thought that he could never do enough to merit the gratitude and enlist the affections of the American people. As if his theatre of generous action was not already sufficiently extended, he again returned to France, for the purpose of urging upon the French ministry the propriety of extending further aid. His unceasing representations; the vigor of his eloquence, and the ardor of his enthusiasm, triumphed; and he obtained a fleet of forty-nine ships and twenty thousand men, to follow him to America, when the necessity was prevented by the declaration of peace.

In 1784, in acceptance of the invitations which he almost constantly received, and yielding principally to the urgent solicitations of Washington, he once more visited this country, then reaping the rich harvest of freedom whose seed he had so nobly assisted in sowing. His sojourn was brief; but his welcome was enthusiastic, as became those for whom he had perilled and achieved so much—and in a few months he returned, after having been paid the highest honors which Congress and a grateful people could bestow.

The time which intervened between the return of Lafayette to his home and the fearful eruption of the French revolutionary volcano, was devoted to purposes of the purest patriotism and the most unmingled philantrophy. We approach that Revolution, even now, with feelings of wonder and horror which time and distance scarcely diminish. It was a great moral convulsion, in which the elements of society were tossed in one conflicting whirl; and in which the very tendrils of humanity seemed to be torn up by the roots. But fearfully perverted as were its objects, it is not to be questioned that they were originally high and noble. Doubtless the example of America was not without its influence; but in France a double task was to be accomplished—not only were new institutions to be built up, but old ones were to be pulled down; and the massy forest, consecrated by the growth of centuries, was to be uprooted, ere the young scions should be planted. It was then that blood was shed as freely as Heaven had ever sprinkled its dews or poured its torrents. It was not matter of marvel that the commission of those atrocious excesses

'When France got drunk with blood to vomit
crime,'

should have crushed the hopes of the patriot in their bud.

But in the horrors of the French Revolution, Lafayette never participated. Its atrocities found in none more than in him a determined opponent. When the tigers of the infernal triumvirate glutted their ferocious appetites and satiated their diabolical thirst for blood with myriads of human sacrifices, Lafayette dared, almost single-handed and alone, to brave the fury of the angry storm. Never was the disinterestedness, the utter abstraction from self, which formed so prominent a trait in the life of this illustrious and extraordinary man, more forcibly exhibited than in the part which he played in this sanguinary revolution. Whatever were its subsequent excesses, it commenced, I repeat, upon principles which the purest patriot might glory to avow. Louis, though not a tyrant, was a temporizer; he was without firmness; and, with but little disposition to do evil—or rather, in justice to the memory of the unfortunate monarch, let it be said, with every inclination to do good—he wanted the determination of character which alone can give energy to resolve, and which only could remove or lighten the burdens under which his oppressed subjects were groaning. Lafayette could have no hope, no expectation, that any revolution would tend, in any measure, to his advantage. He had every thing to lose; he hae nothing to gain. All his interests were against a revolution. A prominent member of the order of nobility, what could he profit by any change in the established fashion of things? Selfish minds would have carefully resolved these considerations; but the mind of Lafayette was above all selfish views. It was not upon the rolls of heraldry that his patriotism was inscribed; nor was it to be fettered by the rules of the multiplication table. He was among the first to cry aloud; for though change could not possibly benefit him, it would, he thought, promote the happiness of his country.

But when the movements of the Revolution degenerated into the sanguinary excesses which followed, he stood aloof. At the peril of his life, he interposed between the unhappy queen and the poignard of the assassin; at the hazard of the guillotine, he denounced the Club of Jacobins, and publicly accused them of a desire "to rifle liberty under the excesses of licentiousness." The pride of station had for him no charms, for he refused to accept the high station of Constable of France; and, declining the command of the National Guard, he retired to private life. He had previously renounced the title of Marquis, and refused, ever after, to resume it.

But he was not long permitted to remain in undisturbed tranquility. The war with Austria called him forth; and, as one of the three Major Generals of the French army, he took the field. But his weight of character and influence proved a stumbling block in the path of the leaders of the domestic factions which ruled France with a rod of iron. They could not hope to corrupt, and as they found it impossible to intimidate, they determined to crush him. The arts of his enemies prevailed; his life was no longer safe in France; a price was set upon his head; and he sought safety for the time upon neutral ground. He was unsuccessful. He fell into the hands of the Austrians; and his capture was followed by a cruel and protracted imprisonment in the dungeons of Olmutz. His confinement was marked by every species of deliberate barbarity. He was not permitted to communicate with his friends and family in France; and they were for a long time ignorant not only of the location of his prison, but were doubtful of his existence.—Their first assurance upon this latter point, was learned from the brave but unsuccessful attempt to rescue him, made by a German and an American. His sufferings were almost incredible. His dungeon was indescribably loathsome; disease was wasting his frame—and, though repeatedly brought to the very brink of the grave, medical aid was denied, even when his agony was at the highest.

During this time, his estates in France had been confiscated; his wife cast into prison; and adherence to the constitution branded with the epithet of *Fayetteism*, and punished with death. To aggravate his sufferings, his barbarian tormentors refused to inform him whether his family were living or were numbered with the dead: and an official communication was made to him, informing him that he would be speedily summoned to the scaffold.

But Madame Lafayette, having effected her release from prison, and accompanied by her daughters, proceeded to Germany in disguise, with the intention of learning and sharing the fate of her husband and their father. With the high souled determination which woman has so often displayed in scenes of similar peril and suffering, they unhesitatingly consigned themselves to the rigors of his dungeon. It need not be said that the efforts of Washington, acting in behalf of the American People, were unremittingly directed (though unavailingly,) to effect his liberation. He was at length released, after having suffered a confinement of five years under cruelties and oppressions, which had wasted his frame, but had never shaken his spirit, which had bowed down his head, but had not bent his heart. He did not immediately return to France; but took up his abode with his family in the territories of Holstein, where, for two years, he devoted himself to the peaceful cultivation of the soil, and the attainment of improvement in agricultural pursuits. But his heart still yearned to France; and, at the expiration of the time mentioned, he there returned.

His first movements were characteristic of the man. Napoleon Bonaparte, then swimming onward in the full tide of successful ambition, and moulding the minds of men to his purposes with consummate art, could make no impression upon the immaculate purity of Lafayette's. When Napoleon tendered the dignity of Senator, he spurned it from him; voted against the Consulate for Life; and boldly remonstrated with the First Consul against the tendency of his course. He then resumed his beloved retirement, established himself at La Grange, and devoted his time to the same tranquil pursuits which had occupied his attention while at Holstein.

When the Bourbons were restored in 1824, Lafayette presented himself once at court, and was received with the most marked and distinguished attention; but, disapproving of their conduct, he declined the acceptance of all further invitations to appear at the palace. When Napoleon returned from Elba, Lafayette, continuing to sacrifice policy to inegrity, refused all entreaties to afford him an interview; and declared that he would never meet him as Emperor, or in any capacity other than that of "a representative, freely chosen by the people." The Emperor subsequently tendered him the first place in the new Chamber which he was forming; but, with inflexible integrity of purpose, he refused it, and accepted the place of Representative, to which he was called by the College of Electors. When the star of Napoleon went down in blood behind the crimsoned clouds of Waterloo, Lafayette was the first to move that a committee should be sent to him, to demand his abdication.

It was in the summer of 1824, that he came at the advanced age of sixty seven, as the honored "*Guest of the Nation*," to revisit these United States. What language can describe the emotions that must have swelled within his bosom, as he approached the shores of the country for which, in early youth and coming manhood, he had perilled all that the heart can hold dear! He came, first, when the darkness of midnight was gathered around the land; he left it when the day-star of hope was dawning; he revisited us when the sun was rising above the horizon; and he came again, and for the last time, when it had attained its meridian height. But *what* a height! And the splendor of its beams—the fondest enthusiasm of the loftiest dreams of youth could never have revealed to him such effulgence!. The infant colonies, grown up to a giant's strength—the trembling stem, towering in the pride of the majestic oak; the trickling rivulet, rushing in the broad and deep expanse of the mighty river! He found smiling cities where he had left forests; the garden, where he remembered but the desert; and—above all—institutions, free, virtuous, as nearly perfect as aught human may be, where he had beheld an enfeebled people struggling to throw off the yoke of bondage. Well might the venerable patriarch lift up to Heaven his eyes streaming with the tears of gratitude and joy, and exclaim, as he clasped his hands in fervent adoration, "this is, in part, *my* work!" Yes—if he paused for a moment to think of self, (and if he did not, he must have been more than mortal,) the glad shouts from the voices of a hundred thousand freemen, which rent the air as he crossed the vessel's side, must have struck to his soul as the welcomings of many children to a long absent sire. His name was upon millions of lips; it was imprinted upon millions of hearts; it was wafted upwards upon millions of prayers for his continued prosperity to the throne of the Almighty.—Cities and Commonwealths vied to do him honor. Wherever he turned his steps, his path was over a bed of roses. His ear drank in the joyous music of grateful thanks; his eye rested upon the [illegible] shine of perpetual smiles.

He found new generations springing around him; but their fathers had fought by his side; and the hearts of the sons had been warmed by the story of his chivalry and generosity, which they had heard under the shade of the summer tree or by the blaze of the winter fireside. He found, too, here and there, an old familiar face; ploughed by many a furrow, which it had not known when seen before; marked by many a time honored wrinkle; but the sunken eye would be lighted up as by the fires of youth when the glance of mutual recognition was passed; and the clasped hand would be tremulous, no longer with age, but with joy. Then were the tales of the 'olden time' recounted; then fought the veterans their 'battles o'er again;' and they pressed each other to the heart with renovated sinews and reviving strength; and they parted—to meet no more on this side of Heaven.

He revisited the fields where his arm had dealt the death-blow in liberty's holy cause, and his life had been perilled, and his blood had been poured forth beneath her banners. His tears were shed over the grave of his constant friend who sleeps beneath the sod of Mount Vernon, on the green banks of the Potomac; and he clasped the hand of the Nation's Chief in the proud metropolis which bears the name of the Nation's honored Dead.

He came when the tide of party passion was setting in with tumultuous force; when its angry billows foamed and chafed; but they subsided at his approach—his voice was the halcyon song at whose sound the waves grew still—his accents were the soothing oil that diffused placidity and calm—and there were no divisions or dissentions in the eager desire to do him honor. He left us, to return to his native France, against the wishes of the whole country: but the land of his birth was not less dear to him than the land of his benefaction, and the sails of the gallant bark which wafted him over ocean's waves, were filled with the farewell sighs of the millions that had hoped that here he would have pitched his tent forever.

The cup of his eventful life was, even yet, not full. He had lighted upon troubled times and troubled places, and became, once more, the Champion of Revolution. The Bourbon dynasty was again broken down before the tempest of a kingdom's wrath; and the sceptre seemed to glide to the very touch, and the crown to settle itself above the head, of the venerable Lafayette. But royalty had for him no charms; and the dearest visions of the loftiest ambition had been more than realized. He turned from them with cool disdain; and though he by whom they have since been wielded and worn, has not fulfilled the high hopes which his country and the world entertained, Lafayette has nothing with which to reproach himself.

But he is no more! His mortal tenement has indeed crumbled into clay; but he has left behind him that which can never die—that which will

Survive the proud memorials
Rear'd by conquerors of mankind!

The memory of his deeds, the brightness of his example, and—may I add—the harvest fruits of his labors.

Contemplate his character in every aspect, and what a picture of moral grandeur does it present! Bring to bear upon it every diversity of light and shade; it will stand the test of the strictest scrutiny—it will grow brighter under the severest examination. Contemplate him as the soldier, the statesman or the patriot, and we know not where the golden apple of preference shall be cast.

As a soldier, his sword was drawn but in the cause of Liberty—it never was unsheathed for conquest. His valor knew nothing of ferocity. His was the soul of the eagle in fight, but the spirit of the dove in victory.—Humanity had never to blush for a solitary excess. Mercy always smiled approval.

The statesman never dwindled into the politician. His eye would rest on no object short of his county. He would not have sacrificed or jeopardized one feather of its interests for the wealth of Potosi's mines, for the power of Napoleon's Sceptre.

Compare him with the Imperial Corsican.—Napoleon's was indeed a towering and a mighty spirit—it will challenge through all time the admiration of mankind, but its loftiest aspirations soared no higher than *self*, and were ever those of

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake shout of victory,
To him the breath of life—
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife!

Personal aggrandizement was ever turned from by the other, and individual interest trodden under foot when brought into conflict with his country's good.

Compare him with another contemporary master spirit—the wily Talleyrand. Both had been rocked in the cradle of revolution; both had passed through scenes of intense and varied eventfulness; and through changes, when all around were tottering and falling, both had occupied the vantage ground. Both had ultimately weight and influence; and *one* has contrived to preserve, through all mutations, power and place. But Lafayette was the lofty oak, that defied the tempest's rage, and when the storm beat the fiercest, although it might rock for a moment, it stood in the end, fast and firm. Talleyrand was the pliant willow, that ever bent to the coming gale and bowed to the lightest breeze, and when they had passed over, and all was calm again, reared itself aloft, unbroken and unharmed, but ready again to bend and bow. Both will occupy conspicuous niches in the temple of fame, but it needs not a prophet's voice to say whose will be the proudest.

As a patriot—but Lafayette was more than a patriot; his patriotism expanded into philanthrophy. Patriotism, though one of the purest feelings which can ennoble the heart, is but local in its associations—philanthrophy embraces the most extended sphere. Patriotism is but love of country; philanthrophy love of mankind. The one is as a mighty and noble river, whose current enriches and adorns the land through which it flows; the other is as the generous ocean whose waters lave the shores of *many* lands alike. The patriotism of Lafayette was merged, then, in his philanthrophy—for his love of America was not inferior to his love of France, and his love of France was second to his love of Universal Freedom.

Such, my friends and fellow citizens, is a hasty and imperfect delineation of the character of the departed benefactor of our country. And, after all that has been said, or after all that *can* be said, what other eulogy does he need—what better eulogy can he have—than the name which he has left behind! His remains moulder in a distant land; the wide expanse of ocean rolls between; but that name is ours—it is ours now, and it will be ours forever—it has become a part of our country's richest treasures—it is stored among her choicest gems. It needs not to be engraven on monu-

mental marble—it is stamped on the warm tablets of the living heart. It is not to be preserved by the myrrh and frank-incense of panegyric—it is embalmed in the dearest affections of us all. The pageantry of sepulchral illumination is not required—the holy halo of a country's gratitude will encircle it forever. It has taken its high place in the firmament by the side of a kindred orb; together shall they shine—the guardian planets of our favored home; and it is only when the beams of both shall have grown dim, that the American Ship of State will be tossed, a wreck and a ruin, upon the foaming waters; a destiny which can never be ours while we continue to steer the noble vessel, with its precious freight of freedom, by the light of those Twin Polar Stars—WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE!

THE ADVOCATE.

Thursday, August 7, 1834.

In answer to the inquiries concerning the "humble bee" of the Spy, we have to state that we have demolished it on our wheel. In its life it was a busy, buzzing, harmless thing, and met its death in a craven and inglorious manner. The destruction of this insect should be a warning to others of the same species, how they venture into the regions of "GRANDILOQUENCE" and take "assumption of superiority over their lowly" neighbors.

The "*Dog law*" goes into operation to day. Who can say how many "curs of low degree" will fall under the ruthless grasp of the High Constable? We expect to be under the necessity of recording the decease of more than one of these devoted dogs of our borough, in our next.

Our Councils have passed some excellent regulations in regard to nuisances. We have no doubt of their being thoroughly enforced. There a number of spots offensive alike to the sight and the scent, which will of course be regulated forthwith.

The eloquent eulogium of George Washington Barton, Esq. occasioned by the death of the illustrious Lafayette, will be found in this number, and deserves an attentive perusal.

The amount of tolls received on the Pennsylvania Canals, for the week ending July 26, is stated to amount to $8,038 46.

The citizens of Lewistown appropriated Monday the 4th inst. for paying their tribute to the memory of Lafayette.

A man was found dead in Mr. Derrick's stable in Columbia, on Tuesday of last week. The coroner returned a verdict of death by poisoning himself. The Spy describes him as a German about five feet six inches high; spoke very broken English, and appeared to be about 50 years of age: he wore a hat which was made in the borough of York, and had on an old coarse black frock coat.

The time of the elections as they occur in the different States, is stated in the U. S. Gazette as follows. In Rhode Island in *August* and *April*; in Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, on the first Monday in *August;* in Maine, on the second Monday, and in Vermont on the first Tuesday in *September;* in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Ohio, on the second Tuesday in *October;* in Maryland and Georgia, on the first Monday, and in South Carolina on the second Monday in *October*. In New York, Delaware, and Massachusetts, in *November*. In North Carolina and Tennessee, in *August*. Connecticut and Virginia will not vote till *April*, and New Hampshire in *March*.

John Robertson, Esq. late Attorney General of Virginia, has been elected a Representative to Congress, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Speaker Stevenson.

In Louisiana Mr. White has been elected Governor. He is Anti-Jackson. Two Anti Jackson and one Jackson representative, have been returned to Congress.

Mr. Durant made a balloon ascension from Boston, on the first inst.

The Hon. WILLIAM JOHNSON of Charleston S. C. Judge of the Supreme Court of the U. S. died at Brooklyn, on Monday last, after a surgical operation by Dr. Mott.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE.

THEATRE.

I have attended several Dramatic representations, since the arrival of Mr. Armstrong's Theatrical corps in our borough. Private character alone should ensue him success. The Ladies and Gentlemen (individually) merit our warmest thanks for their undiminished exertions.

On Friday evening the *Stranger* was performed (which we are sorry to say) to a very poor house. Mr. Somerville personated the broken hearted Husband with great effect. Mr. Pennington, as usual was better than good, (if I am allowed the expression). And Miss Charlotte White as Mrs. Haller needs no comment, she stands unrivalled on our boards. We should be much gratified to see the 'Stranger' repeated.

On Tuesday evening, the Tragedy of Pizarro was brought forward in a very creditable manner. The principle characters were supported by Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Grafton, an amateur, Miss Kean and Miss C. White—Mr Armstrong portrayed the Peruvian Hero in a respectable manner. Mr. Grafton should have diffused more fire into the character of Pizarro. However as it was, it proved far from a failure an amateur as Alonzo, "deserves well of his country;' although we are creditably informed he excellsin Comedy. Miss Kean deserves great praise as Elvira. Miss C. White portrayed Cora to life. The unjust suspicion of Rollas Treachery, the despair of an agonising wife and affectionate mother, drew forth repeated bursts of applause. Let Miss C. White's Motto be "Perseverance" and ere long she will out shine the brightest star of Thespis. Last Evening we witnessed the Rent Day, and the Warlock of the Glen—Mr. Carr as Martin Heywood was greeted with thundring plaudits, Despair, Jealousy, poverty, rage, all reigned within his breast, which he undoubtedly portrayed to nature. Mr. Woods as Old Crumbs was inimitable. Master G. Blake should not pass unnoticed, he bids fair by a little applicatle to prove an ornament to his profession.

The length of the above communication precludes a notice of the Warlock of the Glen.

"G."

FOR THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE.

VICTORINE.

MR. MCCAY:—By intelligence from the *green room*, I learn that Mr. Woods intends to bring forward, for his benefit, on Tuesday evening next, the excellent play of "VICTORINE, or *I'll sleep on't*," with other entertainments. The selection is good, and the characters are cast into such hands as will insure a faithful delineation of the instructive story upon which the drama is founded. It is only necessary to say, to ensure a full house, that "Victorine" contains lessons of instruction to all, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" and to youth especially, and females particularly, a lesson in morals which should be indelible. It is a new and highly popular play translated from the French, by Mr. C. Z. Barnett, author of the "Scourge of Venice," &c. and the story upon which it is founded is—but I will not anticipate—let us visit the Theatre on Tuesday night next, and receive the tale from the "brief chroniclers of the times."

I would also recommend Mr. Woods to the admirers of good acting, but the practice of puffing actors has become so prevalent that "patient merit," when brought forward to the notice of the public by means of the press, is passed by unregarded, in consequence of the indiscriminate praise bestowed not unfrequently on the unworthy.

M. F.

RARA AVIS.—There is a rare curiosity at present to be seen at the New York Society Library, being an old copy, in Arabic manuscript, of the *Koran*, beautifully written and illuminated. The periods are punctuated with gold spangles, and the work according to the rules of the language in which it is written, being at the end or *finis*. It belongs to an officer of the Potomac frigate; and was captured from a fortress in Sumatra, in the East Indies, during the late expedition of the frigate among the piratical natives of those islands.—War, therefore, in bringing this trophy into our possession, sometimes contributes, we perceive, to the extension, rather than destruction, of literature. Its laurels are not always steeped in blood.—*N. Y. Star.*

DIED

In this Borough, on Sunday, the 3d inst., of a short illness, Miss JENNETTE KING, in the 18th year of her age.

In the death of this young lady, society has lost a useful and excellent member. She was possessed of virtues, which could not have failed, had her life been spared, to have made her, not only a useful member of society, but an ornament to the circle in which she moved.

Where can there be found a stronger argument in favor of religion, or a more striking example of the power and influence of its doctrines, than is afforded in the death of this young lady. If it is hard for the old and infirm to die, when their affections and attachment to the things of this world, have become blunted by age:—How hard must it be for the young, whose attachments are strong, and affections warm, to be called away, to leave Father, mother, brothers and sisters, and the friends of their youth, to be consigned to the cold and silent grave, to appear before the bar of *Him*, to whom our most secret thoughts have been known from our infancy. And yet, the individual to whose memory these lines are dedicated was perfectly resigned, willing that all the ties which bound her to the world, should be severed, and ready, at the summons of the grim messenger, death, to resign her breath to Him who gave it. The writer of these lines had the gratification of conversing with her the afternoon previous to her death, and never before did he witness such holy composure and entire resignation to the Divine will, as she at that time manifested. At intervals she would rise on the wings of faith, and seem as one caught up to the third heaven, and there permitted to have a glimpse of the beatified regions in reserve for her disembodied spirit.—Death to her was a welcome messenger. Its dark and gloomy valley did not appal her, for it was lighted up with hope's transporting ray. How solacing to her bereaved parents, must be the thought, that though dead, she still lives; that she has exchanged the sorrows, pains and trials of this world, for the pleasures and endless enjoyments of a home, prepared by her Saviour for all who continue faithful to the end.

COMMUNICATED. "S."

On Wednesday, SUSAN MARIA, infant daughter of Mr. James Steele.

MARRIED.

On Thursday last by the Rev. H. B. Shaffner, Mr. JACOB HARTMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH FISHER, both of Hempfield township, of this County.

PRICES CURRENT.

	Marietta	*Balt.*	*Phil.*
FLOUR (wheat)	$4,75	5,25	5,25
RYE FLOUR	300	3,50	3,50
Corn	50	65	62
WHEAT	1,00	1,12	1,12
RYE	50	66	66
OATS	25	38	38
CLOVERSEED	2,75	3,25	3,50
WHISKEY	23	25	23
FLAXSEED	150	1,60	1,62
BUTTER	12	"	"
EGGS	8		"

PRICES OF LUMBER.

The following are the prices of the different kinds of Lumber for Sale in this borough, viz:

W. P. Panel Boards Pr. M.	$24,00
Do. do. First common " "from	15,00 to 16,00
Do. do. Second com. " "	$10,00 to 11,00
Do. do. Cullings " "	$6,50 to 7,50
Plank one inch, same rate	" "
First common yellow pine	$20,00 to 24,00
Second common do do from	$12,00 to 15,00
Shingles 30 inch from	$5,00 to 9,00
do. 2 ft. from	$3,00 to 5,00
Scantling white Pine from	$10,00 to 12,00
Do. Hemlock, from	$7,00 to 00,9
Cherry boards from	$15,00 to 25,00
Chair Plank, good,	20,00
Locust posts finished, pr. 100 from	$31 to 40,00
Do do rough " " from	$12 to 25,00
Hogshead Staves pr. m. " from	$20 to 25,00
Barrel do " " from	$7 to 10,00
Sawed pine and Hemlock Rails pr. 100 from	$7, to 8.00

Temperance Meeting.

The Directors of the "Lancaster County Temperance Society," in conformity with the instructions given them, respectfully inform the friends of the cause, that a meeting will be held in the Court House, in the city of Lancaster, on *Wednesday evening, the 20th August*, (being the Wednesday of the first week of the August Court.)

After the transaction of business, addresses adapted to this important subject, will be delivered.

The Directors have been particularly instructed, to call the immediate attention of the local Societies of the County, with a request that they will each send a deputation to the County Meeting, prepared with a report, or view, of the progress of the cause within their respective limits, particularly as to the disuse of Ardent Liquors in the late harvest. These reports should be placed in the hands of the Secretary, or Publisher of the Register, on or before the morning of the day of the meeting.

Communications from such of the friends of the cause, who cannot attend the meeting, may be also made to the Secretary, or the Publisher of the Register.

Lancaster, August 2d, 1834.

Removal.

JOHN FULTZ, TAILOR.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has removed his Shop, from front street to his residence in Market Street, 6 doors above J. Bahn's and directly opposite W. McClure, where all work entrusted to him will be attended to with neatness and despatch.

Marietta, August 7, 1834.

In consequence of the fears apprehended by the Burgess and Town Council, of the dreadful malady of hydrophobia, from the great number of dogs runing at large,

NOTICE

is hereby given, to all persons, owning or keeping dogs or bitches, within this Borough, to have the same put up in some suitable place, from the 6th inst. to the 1st of September, therefore, all dogs or bitches found running at large, after the 6th will be deemed a nuisance, and the same shall be forthwith killed by the High Constable or his deputy, the owner or keeper paying the expense of killing and burying the same.

S. D. MILLER,
August 7, 1834. Chief Burgess.

THEATRE.

First night of the engagement of

MR. DE CAMP.

Mr. Armstrong has great pleasure in announcing to the public that he has effected an engagement with the above named DISTINGUISHED COMEDIAN, who will appear in Two of his favourite characters on

THIS EVENING, (FRIDAY) AUGUST 8,

On which occasion will be presented the much admired PETIT COMEDY, entitled the

Spectre Bridegroom

OR

A GHOST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

DICKORY	**MR. DE CAMP**
Mr. Nicodemus	" Woods
Capt. Vauntingdon	" Somerville
Old Auldwinkle	" Armstrong
Paul	" Pennington
Lavinia	Miss E. White
Georgiana	Miss C. White

After which the Celebrated Comic Song

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

BY

MR. DE CAMP.

As originally sung by him at the *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London.*

The Evenings Entertainments to conclude with the Laughable Farce of

FAMILY JARS.

DELPH	**MR. DE CAMP**
Diggory	" Pennington
Benedict	" Blake
Porcelain	" Somerville
Joey	" Armstrong
Emily	Miss S. Kean
Liddy Lorragan	Miss C. White

August 8, 1834.

Stray Steer.

Came to the plantation of the Subscriber, living in West Donegal Township, Lancaster county, on the road leading from Maytown to Bainbridge, about the 16th of April, 1834, a small

Brown Steer,

with white legs and tail, and a white stripe on the belly. The owner is desired to come forward prove property, pay charges and take him away otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

GEORGE REICH.

July 17, 1834.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of GEORGE LOWBER, deceased, are requested to make payment, on or before the 1st of September, and all those having demands, are requested to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement.

FREDERICK FRANK,
Administrator.

Marietta, July 31, 1834.

Notice to Gunners.

The public are warned against HUNTING on the property of the subscriber in York co. Those trespassing after this notice, will be dealt with acording to law.

CHRISTIAN KEESEY.

York co. July 31, 1834.

NOTICE

To Gunners and Fishers.

We the subscribers, inhabitants of East Donegall township, in the county of Lancaster, do hereby notify all persons not HUNT with GUNS or in any other way, upon our FARMS, or FISH along any of the CREEKS running through our property situated in said township, under the penalty of the law, as much damage has heretofore been done to STACKS of *Grain* and *other property* by Hunting and Fishing as aforesaid.

John M. Hoover,	Abraham Hershey,
George Ferree,	Robert Sample,
Joseph Niesley,	Abraham Long,
John Watson,	Michael Hoover, jr.
Jacob Gerber,	Peter Kraybiell,
John Cassel,	Benjamin Ebersol,
Peter Nissley,	Jonas Mumma, jr.
Christian Garber,	John Clark,
Henry Hiestand,	Jacob Hiestand,
Andrew Hiestand,	Joseph Groff,
Christian Hershey,	John Fritz,
Andrew Hershey,	George Gohn,
John Geist,	Samuel Naylor,
Michael Martin,	Peter Hartman,
Frederick Haines,	Henry Sultzbach,
Christian Groh,	Nathaniel Watson.

East Donegall township, July 31, 1834.

A Supplement

TO THE ORDINANCE TO PREVENT NUISANCES, &C. IN THE BOROUGH OF MARIETTA, LANCASTER COUNTY.

Be it ordained by the Town Council of the Borough of Marietta, That any individual or society holding lots within the Borough of Marietta, and suffering water or any other offensive matter to stand upon their lot or lots so as to become putrid, unwholesome, or offensive to any of the citizens, or in any way to endanger or impair the general health of the said Borough, the same shall be deemed and considered a nuisance, and on information being given to the Chief or Assistant Burgess of the existence of any such nuisance, the Chief Burgess, or in his absence or inability, the Assistant Burgess shall require the regulators to regulate and point out by putting pins in the ground, to show the manner in which the water or offensive matter is to be drained off or removed, and also to give notice to the owner or owners of the lot or lots on which such nuisance exists, requiring them forthwith to have the same drained off or removed, and if within six days after notice as aforesaid to the owner or owners of the said lot or lots, the said nuisance is not drained off or removed as aforesaid, such owner or owners for each offence shall forfeit and pay a fine of Twenty dollars for every week of neglect or refusal to comply with the provisions of this ordinance, the said fine to be recovered as other fines and forfeitures are recoverable by law—for the use of the corporation. The High Constable or supervisor shall moreover have power and authority to enter in or on to any property reported as being or containing a nuisance either to drain, remove or examine the same agreeably to the direction of the acting burgess, and the expense of removal shall in all cases be paid by the person or persons offending. Should any person or persons resist or refuse the said officers or either of them herein named, to enter on, or into their property to examine the same after complaint has been made, he, she, or they, so offending, on conviction, shall pay a fine of five dollars each, together with the costs of conviction; but should the offence be of the nature of the one herein first named, he, she, or they, shall pay the first named penalty of Twenty dollars, together with the last, and all costs for the use aforesaid.

Passed on the 4th day of August, 1834.

Attest.

ABRAHAM VARLEY,
President of Council.

A. N. CASSEL, Town Clerk.

I, S. D. Miller, Chief Burgess in and for the Borough of Marietta, do hereby make known and proclaim, that all persons who neglect to comply with any of the requirements of the aforesaid ordinances, or are found offending against any of the provisions thereof, will be proceeded against in a legal manner as is directed in the several enactments therein contained.

{L. S.} WITNESS my hand and seal at the borough aforesaid, the 4th day of August A. D. 1834.

S. D. MILLER.

Marietta, August 7th, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

NOTICE.

To the Creditors of ALEXANDER BRADLEY, late of the Borough of Marietta, deceased.

On motion of B. Champneys, Esq. the Orphans' Court, of the county of Lancaster, appointed Henry Carpenter, Samuel E. Gundacker and Benjamin Kreiter, Auditors, to settle and adjust the rates and proportions of the remaining assets, in the hands of John Mathiot, Esq. administrator de bonis non cum testamento annexo, of the said Alexander Bradley deceased, to and amongst the creditors of the deceased. Said Auditors therefore give notice, that they will meet at the house of John Michael, Innkeeper, in the city of Lancaster, on Friday the 5th day of September next, at 2 o'clock, P. M. when and where all persons interested are requested to attend.

HENRY CARPENTER,
SAM'L. GUNDACKER,
BENJ. KREITER,
} *Auditors.*

July 31, 1834.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

The Subscribers offer for sale at their Storeroom, a general assortment of ready made Clothing, consisting of

Coats, Vests, Pantaloons, and Shirts,

All of which they will dispose of at first Cost, for Cash.

C. Hertzler & Wilson.

Marietta, May 10, 1834.

AN ORDINANCE,

Respecting the High Constables duties, in the Borough of Marietta, Lancaster county.

SECT. 1. BE IT ORDAINED BY THE TOWN COUNCIL OF THE BOROUGH OF MARIETTA. That it shall be the duty of the High Constable of this Borough to serve all notices in behalf of the Corporation, and put up all ordinances at such places as the Council shall designate, and perform such other duties pertaining to his office as the Council may from time to time impose on him, not herein specified.

SECT. 2. BE IT FURTHER ORDAINED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the High Constable shall be required to give information to the Burgess forthwith of all obstructions in the streets, lanes, or alleys, also of all nuisances or any other matter coming under his observation pertaining to the welfare of the corporation, or should any person or persons make complaint to him concerning any thing relating to the Borough he shall be required to inform the Chief Burgess within twenty-four hours or in his absence or inability to the assistant Burgess who shall forthwith enforce the ordinances agreeable to the act of Incorporation.

SECT. 3. BE IT FURTHER ORDAINED, That when it cannot be discovered who put or placed any nuisance whatever, within this Borough, the high Constable shall remove the same so soon as discovered, at the expense of the Corporation.

SECT. 4. AND BE IT FURTHER ORDAINED,—That it shall be the duty of the High Constable, and he is hereby required to disperse all disorderly assemblies of children or other persons which he may meet or be informed off, on Sunday or any other time, within any part of this Borough.

SECT. 5. And it shall be the duty of the said High Constable to take any individual or individuals of such assemblies as may prove refractory or any other person or persons found profaning the Sabbath, and bring him, her, or them, forthwith before a justice of the peace, who on conviction of the offender shall proceed to punish him, her or them, according to the existing laws of the Commonwealth, for such offences.

SECT. 6. BE IT FURTHER ORDAINED, That if the High Constable after the due promulgation of this ordinance shall at any time neglect or refuse to perform any of the duties herein specified or any other duty enjoined on him by the Council, shall forfeit and pay a fine for every such offence, of two dollars, for the use of the Corporation.

Passed the 19th day of July, 1834.

Attest.

ABRAHAM VARLEY,
President of Council.

A. N. CASSEL, Town Clerk.

Marietta, July 24, 1834.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office, at Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa. July 1, 1834.

A

Allen Collin.

B

Bare A. Mary, Bowman John.

C

Cash Jane Mary, Carr Henry, Campbell A. Soloman, or Dagget Levi, Cohick Daniel, Clark S. Uriah, Curtis Daniel.

E

Edward S. Thomas, Ealy Michael, Erwin Nusan.

F

French James, Forster Jno. 3, Fahon A. Hermon, Funck Jacob, Funston Nicholas, 2.

G

Gries Jno. Goshen Isaac, Gamber Jon. Groff Henry, Gantz Maria.

H

Heistand Jacob, 5. Holinger Margaret, Hartsler Jacob, Houts Nancy, Harkins Dennis, Hamlin Alexander, Hogentobler Joseph, Heslet Wm.

J

Jones Cesar, Johnson H. Thos.

L

Lattin George, Luther Geo. Lutz Elizabeth, 2

M

Morse Whitney, Marland Whitney, Mayers Wm.

N

Nicholas Henry.

R

Rush Joseph, Rogers Jno. Ramsey Wm. Ralston Harriet.

S

Snowden S. Jeseph, Mrs. Susan, Schler Abr. Sultzbach Henry, 2. Sutherland Agnes, 2. Stewart Wm. Shaffer Elizabeth.

T

Thompson Sarah.

W

Warner Gellis, Whittse Jno. 2. Cornell, Waters B. Samuel.

Y

Yale C. Enos.

J. GLATZ, P. M.

Marietta, July 3, 1834.

AN ORDINANCE

To prevent Nuisances, &c. in the Borough of Marietta, Lancaster County.

Sect. 1. *Be it ordained by the Town Council of the Borough of Marietta,* That if any person or persons, after the due promulgation of this ordinance, shall cast or lay, or cause to be laid or cast, any shavings, mud, straw, ashes, brickbats, stones, dung, the heads, entrails, or other offal of fish, or any other annoyance whatever, on any pavement, foot-walk, street, lane or alley, within the said Borough, he, she, or they so offending, and being thereof convicted before any magistrate authorised to try the same, shall forfeit and pay the sum of one dollar for the use of the Corporation, for every such offence, together with costs of conviction, and shall moreover pay the expense of removing the said nuisance or nuisances.

Sect. 2. *And be it ordained by the authority aforesaid,* That if any person or persons shall cast, carry, draw out or lay any dead carcass, excrement, or filth from vaults, privies, or necessary-houses, and shall leave such dead carcass, excrement or filth, any place within the limits of the said Borough, without burying the same a sufficient depth to prevent any disagreeable smell arising therefrom; every person or persons so offending, and being thereof convicted in manner aforesaid, shall forfeit and pay for every such offence the sum of three dollars, for the use of the corporation, with costs of conviction, and shall moreover pay the expense of removing such nuisance or nuisances.

Sect. 3. *And be it further ordained, by the authority aforesaid,* That if any butcher, tallow-chandler, or soap boiler, or any other person or persons within the said Borough, shall discharge any blood or nauceous liquor, from any slaughter-house, work-shop, or any other place, so that such liquor or blood shall pass into, or along any of the said streets, lanes, or alleys, or if any soap boiler, tallow chandler, or butcher, or any other person or persons, shall keep, collect, or use, or cause to be kept, collected, or used, in any of the inhabited parts of the Borough, any stale, putrid or stinking fat, grease, or other offensive matter, or if any butcher shall keep, at or near his slaughter-house, any blood, garbage, entrails, offall or filth whatsoever, so as to annoy any of the inhabitants of the said Borough, or any other person, he, she, or they, so offending, and being thereof convicted, in manner aforesaid, shall forfeit and pay for every such offence, the sum of three dollars, for the use of the corporation, with costs of conviction, and expense of removing the same.

Sect. 4. *And be it further ordained,* That if any person within this Borough, either as owner or tenant, shall keep a privy on his, her or their lot or premises, which shall have become offensive from the filthy condition thereof, so as to annoy the neighbours, or citizens in passing along the lanes, streets, and alleys of this Borough, from the bad and offensive smell issuing therefrom, he, she, or they so offending after the due promulgation of this ordinance, shall on conviction thereof, in manner aforesaid, pay a fine of one dollar for the use of the corporation, but if said nuisance is not removed on conviction, he or she, convicted, shall pay two dollars every twenty-four hours, until it be removed.

Sect. 5. That if any person or persons shall erect or maintain any hog stye, in the interior, or any part of his, her, or their lots, in the Borough aforesaid, he, she, or they shall keep the same so clean, that the smell thereof shall not be offensive to his, her, or their neighbour or neighbours, or other citizens of said Borough; any person offending against this section, and being convicted thereof, shall forfeit and pay seventy-five cents, and every week that said stye shall remain in a filthy condition, after conviction, the person so convicted shall pay fifty cents, which, together with the first fine, shall be for the use of the corporation.

Sect. 6. *And be it further ordained,* That if any person or persons shall ride on horseback, or in any carriage or sleigh, through, or along any of the streets, lanes or alleys of said Borough, faster than a common travelling gait, or shall drive his, her, or their wagon or cart, through, or along the same, faster than a common trot or pace, he, she, or they so offending, and being thereof convicted, shall forfeit and pay the sum of one dollar for every such offence, for the use of the corporation.

Sect. 7. *And be it further ordained, by the authority aforesaid,* That if any person or persons shall ride, place or drive, any horse, mare, or gelding, or shall ride, drive, or place any wagon, cart, or other wheel carriage, along, or over any foot pavements, in any of the streets in said Borough, he, she, or they, so offending shall on conviction, in manner aforesaid, forfeit and pay for every such offence, the sum of three dollars, for the use of the corporation, with costs, together with the damage, if any.

Sect. 8. *And be it further ordained,* That if any person or persons shall wilfully stop or obstruct the passage of any water, to or along any of the gutters, made or to be made hereafter, or shall injure or damage, any gutter or gutters, he, she, or they, so offending, and being thereof convicted, in manner aforesaid, shall forfeit and pay for every such offence, the sum of one dollar for the use of the corporation, with costs of conviction, and shall also pay the expense of repairing the damage.

Sect. 9. That if any person or persons shall neglect or refuse to cleanse the gutter before his, her, or their house or property, within the Borough, in such manner as to give free vent to the water in its passage to such place made to receive and carry it off, (provided such gutter be paved) he, she, or they having notice of said gutter being obstructed, and shall refuse or neglect to cleanse the same, after twenty-four hours notice thereof, by putting such obstructions in heaps out of the gutter, shall on conviction thereof, in manner aforesaid, forfeit and pay the sum of one dollar for the use of the corporation, for every such offence, together with the costs of conviction.

Sect. 10. *And be it further ordained,* That if any person or persons, (except on military occasions, or in behalf of the corporation or self-defence,) shall fire off any gun, pistol, or fire arms, within the said Borough, and shall be duly convicted thereof, shall pay the sum of seventy-five cents for every such offence, for the use of the corporation, and shall moreover pay the costs of conviction.

Sect. 11. *And be it further ordained, by the authority aforesaid,* That the ordinance respecting nuisances, passed on the 27th day of March, 1830, be, and the same is hereby repealed.

Passed the 19th day of July, 1834.

Attest.

ABRAHAM VARLEY,
President of Council.

A. N. Cassel, Town Clerk.
Marietta, July 24, 1834.

Stray Sow.

Came to the plantation of the Subscriber residing near Marietta. A LARGE SOW, with five pigs the owner is desired to come forward prove property pay charges and take her away otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

FREDERICK HAINES.

Marietta, July 10th, 1834.

MUSICAL TUITION.

JOHN P. WIND,

Professor of Music, begs leave to inform the citizens of Marietta and its vicinity, that he will give instructions on the

Piano Forte, German Flute, Flagolet & Kent Bugle.

Terms.—Eight dollars per quarter, for Piano Forte. Six dollars Flute or Flagolet. Ten dollars per quarter, Kent Bugle.

References:—John H. Withers, John J. Libhart.

N. B. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS and all the latest and most fashionable Music, can be had all times, at the Store of John H. Goodman, Market Street.

Marietta, June 19, 1834.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between ESTERLE and CAROTHERS, Clock and Watch makers, Marietta, was dissolved on the first day of January last, by mutual consent.—Those having claims against said firm are requested to present them to G. K. Carothers for payment, and those indebted will please make payment to him.

JOHN ESTERLE.
G. K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, February 22, 1834.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by J. Graybill, Esq. where he will continue the business of

Watch and Clock Making,

in its various branches. An assortment of *JEWELRY, WATCHES AND TIME-PIECES* will be constantly kept on hand.

GEORGE K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Removal.

ASHBEL GREEN, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Columbia, Pa.

Has removed his office, to his residence in Second, between Locust and Walnut Streets.

A. G. Jr. will attend at Marietta on every Thursday, for the transaction of business, and may be found at Libhart's Hotel.

Columbia, June 12, 1834.

Second year of

PARLEYS MAGAZINE.

The unexampled success of this juvenile Work, which now circulates into every state and territory of the Union, has encouraged the publishers to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious Parents could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of Youth.

It is important to remark, that this Magazine has become a great favorite in Schools, and that judicious Parents and Teachers have discovered that its interesting matter, its spirited and appropriate engravings its entire novelty, added to the circumstance of its coming every fortnight fresh from the Press, in convenient and beautiful numbers, have all conspired to render it unusually attractive to young readers. It is read with avidity and pleasure; and the object of school education, so far as it relates to reading understandingly, acquiring at the same time valuable portions of knowledge, and an enduring taste for reading, is better accomplished by this interesting periodical, than by any means hitherto attempted.

There are now schools in every part of the country that take some twenty, some thirty, some forty, and some as many as sixty copies of this Magazine; and the Teachers. one and all, recommend its use and importance in the most unequivocal manner, and are exerting themselves to increase its circulation.

To such as are yet unacquainted with Parley's Magazine, we would state some of the interesting topics that it presents.

I. Natural History—Of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects; plants, flowers, trees; the human frame, &c.

II. Biography—Especially of the Young.

III. Geography—Accounts of places, manners, customs, &c.

IV. Travels and Voyages, in various parts of the world.

V. Lively descriptions of the Curiosities o *Nature and Art,*—in each of the U. States, and in other countries.

VI. Lessons on Objects that daily surround Children in the Parlor, Nursery, Garden, &c.

Accounts of Trades and Employments.

VII. Particular Duties of the Young—to Parents, Teachers, Brothers, Sisters, &c.

VIII. Bible Lessons and Stories.

IX. Narratives—Such as are well authenticated; Original Tales.

X. Parables, Fables, and Proverbs where the moral is obvious and excellent.

XI. Poetry—Adapted to the youthful capacity and feelings.

XII. Intelligence—Embracing Accounts of Juvenile Books, Societies, and Remarkable Occurrences.

Many of the above Subjects are illustrated by numerous and beautiful Engravings, prepared by the best Artists and selected not only with a view to *adorn* the work, but to improve the Taste, cultivate the Mind, and raise the affections of the young to appropriate and worthy Objects. We would make them better children, better brothers, better sisters, better pupils, better associates, and, in the end, better citizens.

This Magazine comes out every other Saturday, and is sent to any part of the United States, by mail. Price, $1 a year, in advance. Six copies for $5; 20 copies for $15; or 25 quarterly parts for $5. Postage three quarters of a cent, if under 100 miles, one cent and a quarter only, for the greatest distance.

LILLY, WAIT, & CO.,
Publishers 121, *Washington St.* Boston.
Subscriptix as received at this office.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between FORSTER and LAW, Merchants, Marietta, was on the 9th inst. dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment to Mehaffey and Law, who are authorised to recieve the same, and those having claims against said firm, are requested to present them for payment.

JOHN E. FORSTER,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

We the subscribers respectively inform our friends and the public generally, that we have purchased the establishment formerly owned by "FORSTER and LAW," of Marietta, and we expect in a few days to receive and keep constantly on hand a splendid assortment of goods, and the business will in future be conducted under the firm of Mehaffey and Law.

JAMES MEHAFFEY,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

The People's Magazine.

The first volume of the People's Magazine, which is just completed, was commenced as an experiment. The unqualified approbation it has every where received, and the large list of subscribers it has already obtained, induce the Publishers to continue their efforts to make the work what they intended from the first—a permanent *family ma[illegible]ine,*—one, too, which shall be still more worthy of the high character it sustains. In pursuance of this determination, they will withhold no pains or expense. They have already secured such aid in the editorial department, as they deem necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

The great object of the *People's Magazine,* then, is to convey *useful instruction,* in plain and familiar, but chaste language, and in the *cheapest possible form,* to every cottage and fireside in the land. There are few families, to be found, who cannot afford to spend one dollar a year, for a visiter, twice a month, which shall give them valuable information and advice, on subject connected with their usefulness and happiness—which, while it shall not fail to *interest* and *amuse,* shall have still higher and nobler purposes in view—the improvement of the *mind,* and the cultivation of the *heart.*

Natural History will continue to receive, as it deserves, a considerable share of our attention. This science embraces many more topics than at first view might be supposed. Whatever relates to the character, nature, or internal structure, of *men, animals,* and *things,* is properly a subject of natural history.

But we shall not confine ourselves wholly to the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms of *nature.* We shall launch out, often, into *history, arts, manufactures,* &c. The pages of history are full of instruction. *Biography* will also be deemed an appropriate subject. In short, nothing which is calculated to benefit the minds and hearts of our readers, will be intentionally excluded.

We do not expect, in a semi-monthly magazine, to present all the important intelligence of the day, but only such as may be deemed of permanent value, as a matter of record. Even this will sometimes appear late. But delay has its advantages. Much mischief has been done, and many unnecessary pangs inflicted, by an unjudicious eagerness to circulate early intelligence. Every one will recollect instances, where the public press has in this way widely circulated false statements. These evils the People's Magazine will endeavor to avoid.

Engravings of a superior character will continue to be furnished; but while we labor, in this way, to render the work attractive, we intend much more. We believe the good engravings may be made to do something more than to amuse, or even illustrate. We believe they may be made to cultivate the mind, chasten the imagination, develope taste, and benefit the heart. Shall the teachers of vice find engravings an important aid in accomplishing—unworthy ends in vitiating the taste and imagination—and shall the teachers of virtue neglect to turn them to a good account, in the *promotion of human happiness?*

TERMS.—*Published every other Saturday, at* one dollar *a year,* in advance. Six copies for five dollars.

The postage of this Magazine is three quarters of a cent for 100 miles, and one cent and a quarter only for the greatest distance. By special decision of the Post-master General.

Removal.

P. J. GORNER

Respectfully informs the citizens of the Borough of Marietta and the public in general that he has removed his

Chair Manufactory

to the new building lately built by James Steele, in the Market Square, next door to J. J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel, where he has on hand a general assortment of finished

Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c.

all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms for *cash.*

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Stray Cow.

Came to the Plantation on which the subscriber resides, in East Dongall township, on Friday the 13th of June, 1834, A BRINDLE COLORED COW, with the ear mark.

The owner is desired to come forward prove his property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

PETER HARTMAN.

June 19, 1834.

List of Letters.

A List of Letters, remaining in the Post Office at Maytown, Lancaster County, Penn. the Last quarter Commencing April 1st, 1834, and enclosing June 30th, 1834.

Samuel Cain, Rev. Dr. Geo. Reich, John Spangler, George Ream, Jacob Crall, John Gephart, William Brown, Samuel Bossler Samuel Reiley, John Jackson, Mary Lynch, Henry Grove, Henry Haines, Michael Rairdin, Elizabeth Calfman, Mary Rraft, Conrad Zeigler, Michael Rathvon, William H. Thompson, Samuel Braught, Samuel Evans, Susana Keller, Mary Ann Wagoner.

GEORGE FERREE, P. M.

Maytown, July 10, 1834.

Valuable Property

For Sale.

The Subscriber offers at Private Sale, the large and commodious

Brick Dwelling House,

AND LOT OF GROUND,

n the Borough of Marietta, now occupied by him as a Store and dwelling house. The property is situated on the South East corner of Market Square, very advantageous for doing public business, the Lot is under the best improvement, being supplied with a well of never failing water, a good cistern at the back door, good stabling, and all kinds of fall and summer fruit. Also, an adjoining

House and Lot of Ground,

in the Market Square.

Persons wishing to view the above described property, are requested to call on

JAMES STEEL.

Marietta, Feb. 6th, 1834.

LIBHART'S

HOTEL

and Stage Office,

Corner of Gay & Front Streets, Marietta.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the favors he has hitherto received, and respectfully announces to his customers and others, that he still continues to occupy that well known stand—the house has lately undergone considerable repairs, improvements and alterations, so as to render it more completely a home for the traveller.

The house is spacious and contains twenty-four rooms, two of which are private Parlors, and fitted up in good style for the accommodation of private parties. The above establishment enjoys one of the most advantageous situations in the place, being located in the centre of business, and commands a fine prospect of the river and its scenery.

The subscriber intends devoting his unremitted personal exertions in conducting the above establishment, and hopes by this assiduity and attention to merit that patronage so liberally extended to him heretofore, and for which he hereby makes his most grateful acknowledgements.

B. LIBHART.

Feb. 7, 1833.

James Noble,

Auctioneer and Vendue Crier

Offers his services to the people both in town and country, and would be thankful for a share of public patronage.

References as to capability, enquire of
BENJAMIN LIBHART,
RIEB & LIBHART,
DAVID WALKER.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

C. Inhofe.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has removed directly opposite to his former stand and a few doors below John Clements tavern, where in addition to his former stock he has received a fresh supply of

Groceries, Liquors, and Confectionary,

with various other articles in his line all of which will be sold low for cash.

Marietta, April 10, 1834.

Office of the Susquehanna Bridge and Bank Company,

BALTIMORE, February 23d, 1833.

THE President and directors of this Company have adopted the following rates of interest to be allowed on Deposites of money at this Office, viz:—

On Deposites payable *Ninety* days after demand.	5 pr. cent per annum
On Deposites payable *Thirty* days after demand,	4 per ct. per annum
On current Deposites, subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the Deposites, ☞ to such persons as may request it.	3 per cent per annum
On weekly Deposites, which may be withdrawn on the first day of January or first day of July in each year, at which periods the Interest on said Deposites will be payable.	5 per cent

Certificates are issued for all *special* Deposites.

Collections are made on most of the principal towns, where Banks are located, in the several states.

Discount days *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays.*

On Saturdays the Office is open for business until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. By order,

W. E. COALE, Cashier

March 14 1833.

Rathvon and McClellan,

Tailors.

Respectfully make known to the citizens o Marietta, and vicinity, that they have entered into co-partnership in the above business, under the firm of "RATHVON and McCLELLAN," in the lower room of the building occupied by Joseph Bucher, in Market Street, Marietta, nearly opposite J. H. Goodman's, and a few doors west of D. Ferree's store. Those who may have confidence, and favour them with their patronage, may rely on having work done expeditiously, and in the most

Durable and Fashionable Style,

as arrangements have been made to receive, as early as possible, the latest and most approved fashions.

S. S. RATHVON, from several months recent experience in Philadelphia, flatters himself that they will be enabled to give general satisfaction.

S. S. RATHVON, would also beg leave to tender his greatful acknowledgments to the public for their liberal encouragement bestowed upon him when formerly in business, and solicits a continuance of that liberality to the firm.

NOTICE.

Wanted on loan for a term of years, by the Corporation of Marietta,

$700.

Proposals received by
S. D. MILLER, Chief Burgess.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

LUMBER Yard.

In the Eastern part of Marietta

Jo GROSH.

GRATEFUL for past favors, informs his old customers, and a generous public, that he still continues to keep on hand and at his old stand, LUMBER of every description, among which are.

White and Yellow Pine Boards,

and Plank, 30 and 24 inch Shingles, Joists Rafters and Scantling from 10 to 40 feet long and from 3 by 4 to 7 by 8 inches thick.

Hewed Timber,

of several lengths and sizes. Ready made and rough Locust Post, Pine and Hemlock Rails, Hogshead and Barrel Staves.

Also STONE COAL, of the best quality by the ton. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH, or approved short credits.

Marietta, July 18, 1833.

Lumber YARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has in addition to his former stock of lumber a large assortment of long timber, Joist, Scantling, and Rafters: Timber from 10 to 50 feet in length, Joist from 10 to 22 feet, scantling from 10 to 24 feet, Rafters from 10 to 27 feet, iall of which he offers for sale at the current prices—between two and three hundred thousand Shingles at a reduced price.

JAMES MEHAFFEY.

Marietta, Jan. 31, 1833.

A. M. Beatty,

AUCTIONEER and VENDUE CRIER.

Respectfully informs the people generally both in Town and Country, that he continues to attend to the above business and may be found by inquiring of *Samuel McKinney* in Front Street Marietta.

Referencences as to capacity enquire of
WILLIAM CHILD,
SAMUEL HOPKINS.
JOHN H, GOODMAN,

October 12, 1833.

COFFEE HOUSE

HOTEL.

No. 38, South Street, Baltimore.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for the encouragement that he has received, from his friends and the public since he commenced the above establishment, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the same place, and hopes by his attention to the comforts of his Guests to merit a share of their patronage.

JOHN S. BAKER.

March 7, 1833.

GOODS

selling off at first cost for cash.

The subscribers having determined to close their business in this place as soon as possible, would call the attention of the public to their extensive assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they are now offering for sale at first cost. C. HERTZLER & WILSON.

Marietta Sept. 5th, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons in any way indebted to the subscribers are hereby respectfully notified to come forward and discharge their respective accounts immediately, or abide with the consequences. ALSO persons having claims against the firm are requested to present them for settlement.

HERTZLER & WILSON.

Sept. 5. 1833.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership in the Hatting business, heretofore conducted under the firm of "BARR and CASSEL," of Marietta, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims against the firm are requested to present their accounts for payment to A. N. Cassel, and all those indebted to the firm are required to make payment to said Cassel, who is authorized to receive all outstanding debts due the firm.

JOHN BARR.
A. N. CASSEL.

Marietta, January 4th, 1834.

A. N. CASSEL,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken, and will continue the Hatting establishment heretofore conducted under the firm of Barr and Cassel.

January 4, 1834.

HARDWARE,

Drugs, Paints, Oils and

DYE STUFFS.

The subscriber still continues to keep, an has on hand a good supply of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, AND SHOP FURNITURE,

which he offers on the best terms to those who will favor him with their custom.—Also, a general supply of

PATENT MEDICINES, GROUND SPICES

Mahogony Venires,

Swaim's Celebrated Panacea,

for the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism and all disorders arising from a bad state of the blood; this medicine has been recommended by the best Physicians of Philadelphia. All orders will be thankfully received and particular pains taken that no accidents or mistakes may occur. A liberal discount will be allowed to Physicians and wholesale dealers.

J. T. ANDERSON,

Marietta, Jan. 23, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.